Cer. What ere it be, tis wondrous heauy;
Wrench it open straight:
If the seas stomacke be ore-charg'd with gold,
Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.
2. *Gent.* 'Tis so, my Lord.
Cer. How close tis caulkt and bottomd, did the sea cast it vp?
Ser. I neuer saw so huge a billow sir, as tost it vpon shore.
Cer. Wrench it open; it smels most sweetly in my sence.
2. *Gent.* A delicate Odour.
Cer. As euer hit my nostrill: so, vp with it.
Oh you most potent Gods! what's heere, a Coarse?
2. *Gen.* Most strange.
Cer. Shrowded in cloth of state, balmd and entreasured
With full bags of spices, a Pasport to *Apollo*,
Perfect me in the Characters.

Heere I giue to vnderstand,
If ere this Coffin driue a land;
I King Pericles haue lost
This Queene, worth all our mundaine cost:
Who finds her, giue her burying,
She was the daughter of a King.
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The Gods requite his charitie.

If thou liuest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart
That euen crackes for woe this chanc'd to night.
2. *Gent.* Most likely sir.
Cer. Nay certainly to night, for looke how fresh she lookes,
They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.
Make a fire within, fetch hether all my boxes in my Closet,
Death may vsurpe on Nature many houres,
And yet the fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits.
I heard of an Egyptian that had nine houres bene dead,
Who was by good appliance recouered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well said, well said, the fire and cloathes,

The rough and wofull musicke t
Cause it to sound I beseech you:
The Viall once more; how thou
The musicke there: I pray you gi
Gentlemen, this Queene will liu
Nature awakes a warme breath o
She hath not bene entranc'st abo
See how she gins to blow into lif
1. *Gen.* The heauens through y
And sets vp your fame for euer.
Cer. She is aliue, behold her ey
Cases to those heauenly iewels w
Begin to part their fringes of bri
The Diamonds of a most praised
To make the world twice rich, li
To heare your fate, faire creature

She moues

Thai. O deare *Diana*, where am
What world is this?
2. *Gent.* Is not this strange?
1. *Gent.* Most rare.
Cer. Hush (my gentle neighbo
To the next chamber beare her, g
Now this matter must be lookt t
Is mortall: come, come, and *Escu*

They carrie her away.

Enter Pericles at Tharsus, wit
Per. Most honourd *Cleon*, I mus
My twelue months are expirde, a
In a peace: you and your Lady ta
All thankfulnesse, The Gods mak
Cleon. Your shakes of fortune,
Mortally, yet glance full wondrin
Dion. O your sweete Queene!
You had brought her hither to ha
Per. We cannot but obey the